

*The Historie*

*Fals.* You rogue, heere's lime in this sacke too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a cowarde is worse then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous coward. Go thy wayes old lacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not three good men ynhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old, God help the while, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer, I could sing psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now, Wollacke, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A kings sonne: if I doe not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy subiects afore thee like a flock of wilde geese, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

*Prin.* Why you horeson round-man, what's the matter?

*Fals.* Are you not a cowarde? aunswere me to that, and Poynesthere.

*Poin.* Zoundes ye fat paunch, and ye call me cowarde, by the Lord, ile stab thee.

*Fals.* I call thee cowarde: ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I coulde runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight euough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin.* O villain, thy lips are scarfe wip't since thou drūk't last.

*Fals.* All is one for that. *He drinketh.*

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

*Prin.* What's the matter?

*Fals.* What's the matter? there be foure of vs here haue tane a thousand pound this day morning.

*Prin.* Where is it, lacke, where is it?

*Fals.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fals.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a douzen of them two houres together. I haue scap't by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hose,

my

*of Henry the fourth.*

my buckler cut through and through, my sworde hack't like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, al would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake, if they speake more or lesse then trueth, they are villains, and the sonnes of darkenesse.

*Gad.* Speake, sirs, how was it?

*Refs.* We foure set vpon some douzen.

*Fal.* Sixeteene, at least, my Lord.

*Refs.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew esse, and Ebrew Iew.

*Refs.* As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

*Fal.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prin.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All: I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fittie of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fittie vpon poore olde lacke, then am I no two leg'd creature.

*Prin.* Pray God, you haue not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of the. Two I am sure I haue paied, two rogues in buckrom suites: I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me horse: thou knowest my olde warde: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.

*Fal.* Foure, Hal, I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I, I, he said, foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all afront, and mainely thrust at me; I made me no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my target, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were but foure, enen now.

*Fal.* In Buckrom.

*Poynes.* I, foure, in Buckrom suites.

*Fal.* Seuen, by these hilts, or I am a villaine esse.

*Prince.* Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

*Fal.* Doe'st thou heare me, Hal?

*Prince.*